CHARLES DACRES:

OR,

THE VOLUNTARY EXILE.

AN

HISTORICAL NOVEL,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

IL COR NELLE PAROLE. *Pastor Fido del Guarini.*

VOL II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY JOHN MOIR, PATERSON'S COURT:

1797.

BRITISH MUSEUM
11 OCT 55

CHARLES DACRES.

BOOK FOURTH.

CONTENTS OF BOOK IV.

Story of Tom Trueman continued—Charles Dacres' unexpected meeting with Catherine of Meaux—His *liaisons* with Madame Bellecourt—-Depravity of the human heart—-O'Blunder and Fitzwoden die—Dacres' affliction thereat—His acquaintances at Paris—Prospectus, Climax, &c.—Dacres falls ill.

HISTORY OF TOM TRUEMAN

CONTINUED.

THOUGH many English people reproached Dacres with his indifference about his country, they did it unjustly. He was fond of foreign countries and manners, wholly divested of local prejudices; and the French language was so familiar to him, that he preferred using it to his own;—yet he never forgot his country nor his friends. He did not travel, (as some of us do) merely to shew our ignorance, and to live with the English in every corner of the world,—and to look with a jaundic'd eye on all other nations:—But he was not less interested in the welfare of his native land, than those who allow merit to no other. The first question he asked every university man, (and which at last was answered by one as follows,) was: "Pray, Sir, What went with Tom Trueman, late of ——

College, Oxford?" "On his first arrival in America, he seemed broken-hearted:—He was so dispirited, that he could succeed in no undertaking:—The small savings from the general wreck of his fortune were nearly exhausted, and he on the brink of despair, when a lucky and unforeseen adventure saved him from ruin.

"He had established himself on the banks of the river Kentucky; but as he was no speculator, and had not an idea of commerce, he might as well have been on the banks of the Nile for the good he did to the establishment he had engaged in. He had connected himself with a company of gentlemen who really were building towns, cultivating lands, &c. &c.; but as he could not work himself, and was a prey to domestics, he played a losing game, whilst his associates were making fortunes.

When first he arrived in America, his place of residence was Philadelphia; he had a place, the stipend of which was small; and as his health was very delicate, he contracted a pain in his chest from constant writing, which induced him to sell it, and to make use of the purchase-money in building and buying uncultivated lands.

" During his stay at Philadelphia, he had been introduced to a widow lady, who had shewn him infinite attention, and had entrusted him with a sum of money to embark in this new enterprise, in which she wished to have a share. The fineness of the weather induced her to visit the spot where she one day expected to see a growing fortune. She was tempted to make a water-party on the river; on which occasion the unskilfulness of the waterman upset the boat she was in. Mr Trueman dragged

her out of the water on this occasion; and, having had good practice on the Isis, conducted the boat with great skill and dexterity to the land, after which he procured dry clothes for all the party, and received them with such benevolent hospitality in his humble cottage, that the widow resolved to throw out such hints as he could scarce help taking. Tom requested an interview with her on the following day, when he, with becoming gratitude, confessed his attachment for her, but, with a candour inseparable from every action of his life, informed her of the reduced state of his fortune, and the badness of his prospects, at the same time returning her the money she had deposited in his hands, assuring her, that no difficulties of his own could induce him to endanger another's property.

"The honour of this procedure confirmed the widow in her opinion of Mr True-

man, and she resolved that he who had so skilfully piloted her in time of peril, should take the helm through the voyage of life, with a very ample fortune to support him. They set off soon after for Philadelphia, where they were married, and where they live perfectly happy, though the widow was thirty at this time, and had two children: Yet she was still very pretty; and Tom, who had often been a father to the fatherless, found no difficulty in attaching himself to them, and in adopting them: Gratitude was so prevalent with him, that he anticipated every wish his fair partner could form. He brings up her children with the most exemplary tenderness: So easy is his temper, that no one can be unhappy with him, and disappointment has so surfeited him of the impulse of vain ambition, that he scarcely feels an enjoyment beyond the verge of his own fire-side. It might have been thought that he would

have turned a miser, or a second Timon; but his humanity and generosity are only moderated; they are in existance the same as usual: He has cut all his old connections; but in the country he now inhabits, he is the best husband, the best neighbour, and the best landlord to the poor, that can possibly be imagined."

* * * * * *

The recital of this change in Tom's fortune, gave Charles Dacres the most exquisite pleasure: He accused himself of not having done half enough for him in his distresses: He was ashamed to take him up again in prosperity: He was quite divided betwixt joy and grief: At last he determined frankly to write to him, and to felicitate him on his present good fortune.

One day, as our hero was crossing the court-yard of the hotel in which he lodg-

ed, he saw two English ladies stepping out of a post-chaise. Curiosity led him to enquire who they were. There is a kind of unison in the hearts of people of the same nation, which makes them feel a reciprocal desire of conversing, and knowing each other when abroad.

Dacres went to offer his services to the strangers; when, lo! on one of them lifting up her veil, he beheld the beauteous unfortunate Catherine! What writer dares undertake to paint the meeting of two young lovers, where the language of the eye, with "thought meeting "thought," form the principal part of the conversation? Catherine informed him, that their circumstances forced them to leave their home, and the hopes of meeting him was one object which brought her and her mother to Paris. After a long conversation, Dacres left them.

Catherine, who had never varied in her sentiments, thought she was no more to be tossed upon the uncertain wave of fortune. She had found Dacres, the end of all her wishes :—Her heart, full of this one object, was now at rest, and closed to all other earthly beings :—She only meditated on the means of preserving that reputation, which, with the most anxious care and circumspection, she could not avoid seeing hourly menaced by the foul tongue of envious slander, on account of her receiving the assiduities of a young man, whose minority prevented him from performing his promises of marriage, reiterated so often and so earnestly, without forfeiting his fortune; (for, unfortunately, her lover's father had left every thing away from him, if he married during his minority without his guardian's consent; and poor Catherine was sure of a refusal from that quarter.) She there-

fore contrived to live as retired, and to see Mr Dacres as seldom in public, as possible :—Hence sprung his nocturnal visits, which sometimes were as late as eleven at night :—The signal for separating was the Carthusian matin-bell, though they were often prolonged until the dawn of day :—Unhappy Catherine, how pleased thou wert with ruin!

Every one who knew Dacres, would have expected him to have adhered inviolably to his promises made to Catherine, and to have been overjoyed at retrieving what he had so long lost, and which was the subject of his tenderest thoughts for many years. But such is the depravity of the human heart, that we forget our most sacred, and *once* favourite duties, when bound in the golden chains of pleasure.

Madame Bellecourt, though infinitely older than Catherine, had many charms: —She was brilliant, or, what they call in France *d'un grand eclat* ;—strikingly handsome, and so artful in her conduct and allurements, as to keep a heart by a kind of sorcery :—Nature and probity led Dacres to Catherine :—Vanity, pleasure and infatuation, still brought him back to Madame Bellecourt :—He wanted virtue enough to break off with the latter, and firmness enough to abandon the former :—At length, he adopted a tepid insufficient distressing medium : He visited them both, and was (like all who act against their conscience) continually unhappy : He deceived Catherine, whilst the trifling attentions he paid her, so lighted the torch of jealousy in her rival's breast, that she embittered every hour which she and Dacres past together. The whole was a varied scene of excessive

wretchedness, or excessive dissipation,—whilst melancholy and voluptuousness, by turns, misled and ruled him. At one time, he went so far as to sit down and make his will in favour of Catherine, (leaving her all he possessed) and writing a moral address to Madame B——; but these were *des oeuvres meleés:* For he always started from thought, and flew to her arms with more passion than ever:—His health was as precarious as his spirits: The least thing shook him to the centre. Sickness, and the thoughts of approaching dissolution, have generally salubrious effects on the mind: They check the ambition of the thoughtless and gay; and, withdrawing the deceitful veil of pleasure from before our eyes, present to us the illuminated regions of truth, and subject us to reason's sway.

The woeful tidings of Fitzwoden's, and O'Blunder's death, operated thus on our young hero: Horror and dismay struck him like an electric stroke, succeeded by the more quiet sensation which one feels, when absorbed in moral melancholy reflections. It was in the autumn of the year, though at a far more advanced season of life, when the poor Colonel felt the hand of time heavy on him:—The thread of life was spun to its extent:—he had served his King long enough:—the latter part of his time, he devoted to it's Author,—He who governs Kings themselves, who leads time captive, the Lord of armies, and Sovereign of all: He waited with anxious diffidence the great *word of command*, and smiled on the fate that cut him off. The world held but one treasure in it, which he left with pain behind him; it was his brother, (born of the same mother, though not father) and

nursed at the same breast:—The warm tide of life which had diffused itself to nourish the one, had flowed to *aliment* the other; whilst that first of ties, military brotherhood, had given an additional link to the social chain: He held his brother and comrade to his bosom to the last,—nor let him go until he sunk down upon his pillow: His last words were: "Military honours, Lucius,—Military "honours!"

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

The volley was fired, and the sad ceremony performed with due decency.—But the same dart which struck home to Patrick, had wounded Lucius.—The crape he wore round his arm was but the feeble emblem of what reigned within:—His heart was hung with mourning.

Often, of a rainy night, would he rise in despair, and, walking thrice up and down his room, like a centinel on his post, exclaim, " My poor Patrick !—Thou whom " I have so often in the trenches covered " with this blue cloak ! How it now rains " upon thy dear body !—And thy Lucius " cannot shelter thee !" It was more than he could bear !—He sickened,——and expired ! ! !

The expansion of his generous heart was such, that it gave him sudden death. When they, who

" —— had been reared upon the self-same hill,
" Fed the same flocks by fountain, shade, and rill,"

were embosomed in the same mass of earth, in the corner of the church-yard at St Germain en Laye, just far enough from the *common* foot-path, as only to be visited by the pensive and pious.——

Charles Dacres wrote the following epitaph on them, which he had often blotted out with tears :

Here lie
PATRICK FITZWODEN
and
LUCIUS TERENCE O'BLUNDER,
Two Honest Men!
They were Ornaments and Honours to
THE ART OF WAR :
Whilst their Piety and Exemplary Lives
made them worthy Candidates for
ETERNAL PEACE!

Memento Homo, * &c.

---

* *Mutato nomine,* the preceding story is *literally* true, and well known to every military man in the environs of St Germain en Laye. The Colonel was so brave and enterprizing a man in battle, that the Irish soldiers called him, humour-

Charles, who loved and revered them both whilst alive, truly felt what he wrote:—And fain would he have given the most gaudy plume pride and fashion ever planted in his cap, to have merited the simple lines graven on these heroes tomb;—far different from those he wrote on old Lovelucre.

EPITAPH

WRITTEN ON

JOHN FUNGOUS LOVELUCRE,

Formerly of Botolph Lane, London.

He was sulky, suspicious, and rude as a bear,
His eye was a miser, which ne'er shed a tear:

ously, the God of War's Natural Son:—For which reason we have named him Fitzwoden.

But honest to all, and integrity's boast,
Death brought in his bill,—so he gave up the ghost.

* * * * * * *

We have already shewn the list of Dacres' loves and female acquaintance. It may be worthy notice to look a little into his male connexions, since there were characters among them not a little singular.—We shall therefore begin with his Paris associates.—Some of them were conspicuous in their different lines.

Our hero, who was himself a mixture (as has been frequently seen) of virtue and folly, of passion, depravity, and talents, was singular in his choice of companions; and though grossly imposed on, and duped by many, yet he never gave his hand to any one who had not merit of some kind,—as a speaker,—a writer,

—a wit,—a soldier,—a good musician,—or some peculiar *fort*. *Characters* were what he liked:—And such were Prospectus and Climax:—Such also was the Principe * * * * * * *, who spoke seven languages,—had visited all the courts of Europe, and could pass for English, German, or Italian, alternately. Prospectus was his principal friend,—and indeed the choice did honour to his judgment. Prospectus would have been a comely man in his exterior appearance, if his eccentricity and thoughtlessness had not bedevil'd his wardrobe, and constantly made him commit some mortal sin against *la toilette*. He would in deep mourning forget himself, and have on coloured worsted hose:—A full dressed coat he would sometimes join to a pair of boots. There was no accord or harmony in the choice of his colours:—A brown coat would often cover a green

waistcoat;—and thin white inexpressibles would, in snowy weather, complete his *grotesque* appearance. Once I saw him in a bag and round hat;—and thrice with a frock-coat and a sword:—He took snuff by ounces,—was absent in conversation,—and the very quintessence of aukwardness:—He never turned round in the street, without whisking his cane in his neighbour's eye, nor crossed the pavement without splashing some one.—He was forgetful to a degree.—Being desperately in love with la Marquise de ————, and indulging his imagination by thinking on her, he flung himself on the neck of his washer-woman,—who was blind of one eye,—and eighty;—and he was so near suffocating her, that nothing could have saved the organs of respiration, but her conjuring him, by her grey hairs, to spare her age and infirmities. Fancy swiftly withdrew the i-

mage of the *Marquise* from his mind's eye,—and nature recoiling, rescued poor old *Jeanette* from this *Orlando furioso.* More than once he was shut up in the theatre after the lights were out;—and nothing but some *tutelar* spirit could preserve him from being run over in the streets. His fortune was large;—yet he looked poor as a church rat. His cloaths he would wear, until they literally left him off,—and sometimes very uncere-moniously.—I would not for the whole world recite the sudden desertion of a pair of black sattin *indescribables,* in a room full of *mixed* company:—It was the most incongruous scene I ever was *eye-witness* to. He never lived long in a place,—but wandered from country to country,—freeing the captive,—burying the dead,—protecting the orphan,—and feeding the hungry:—He was a second Howard;—a true philanthropist:—He

never *talked* of charity :—Few men knew him :—But, whilst his name shall be neglected in the annals of fame,—and oblivion throw her mantle o'er his history,—the fatherless babe shall bless that being without a name, who clad and comforted him ; and the poor man shall, as he meets him on his way, gaze with delight on him who redeemed him from captivity. He was not only a philanthropist, but a speculator ; in this he was less useful and successful than in his researches after misery, (which he ever alleviated.) Once he was seeking gold mines in a bog ; at another period he thought he had found out the perpetual motion : In a word, so different was he from men in general, (to their shame be it spoken) that many took him for insane. He was particularly partial to Charles Dacres, and got him out of many scrapes.

Climax was quite a different being: Vanity had mixed more of her essence in this compound of oddities, and had not weighed the dose by scruples: he was as vain as unhandsome, in his outward appearance; and as systematical as heterodoxical, in his moral and philosophical tenets.

Mr Climax is the *spes gregis* and only *remnant* of a large family, the head of which was old Climax, the woollen-draper, a pillar of the Royal Exchange, and a perfectly respectable member of society;—he was a good and loyal subject, an exact and exemplary pay-master, a plain and honest man: However, he had one fault; (who has not at least one?) he had the ambition of bringing up his son in a style superior to himself:—Brief, he was to be a gentleman "in spite of "Nature's stubborn plan:"—The mo-

ment he made his appearance in the world, he was christened Theophilus Augustus Alexander, to insure his being spoken of with respect :—" How sonorous, " (cried his father,) these names will be, tacked to Esq; and how will they look at the bottom of a letter?"—Ay, cried old turnpenny, the insurance-broker, " but " they'll look d——d bad at the bottom " of a bill of exchange ; such romantic, " theatrical names, are enough to break " the Bank of England : You'll be un- " done neighbour, Climax.—Heaven for- " bid I should have any thing beyond " a John, or a Roger, in my family."

When Theophilus Augustus Alexander Climax, Esquire's stomach was ruined with spices and confectionary, and his head completely turned by flattery and unexampled indulgence, he was sent to

Westminister, with strict orders to make acquaintance with people of quality; after which he was put into a post-chaise and four, to become a gentleman-commoner at Oxford. Nature had given Climax a wonderful good head for finance, and a very fair share of abilities:—He was an uncommon good classical scholar, and would have been humourous, if he was not too conceited to follow Nature, which, on the contrary, he counteracted, in all her endeavours to make him a man of sense:—He had a distemper little short of madness, which caused him many misfortunes through life: This was his love for titles: He was always the *umbra* of some peer of the realm; and did not care how ridiculous his companions were, nor what it cost him, provided he could be seen arm in arm with a Lord, or be robbed, or over-

turned in a carriage with a coronet on it:—He never had a friendship for any one;—once he was very partial to a Yorkshire baronet, but he immediately left him off on the arrival of an Irish Viscount:—He cut all his acquaintance, whose arms were without supporters, and once fell into a consumption at not being able to dine where he was invited to meet a Duke, two Earls, half a dozen Baronets, a Member of Parliament, and a general officer;—the velvet cap had not covered his head 10 days before he became perfectly offensive from his pride, and he now thoroughly despised his father; he compared himself drawn in a triumphal phaeton and four, with his old father going in the Putney stage to his country house;—as also his own fashionable apartments at the royal-hotel, Pall-Mall, constrasted with the Citizen's fusty

house near Moor-Fields :—His father's name was Jonathan—Shocking!—He, for about four and twenty years, carried his pen alternatively between his fingers and behind his ear,—Monstruous! Sometimes he swept his counting-house,—Preposterous! The one was born a shop-keeper,—the other thought he had at his birth taken out a license for calling himself a man of fashion :—He therefore opposed his parent in all things: His father was a friend to ministry ;—he admired Tom Paine ; and would have broken his father's heart, if old age had not released him from the bonds of mortality. Our youth had a little piece of land which entitled him to a commission in the militia, which he obtained as the last *brevet* of elegance ; but he soon got tired of a military life ; and was determined to receive the last polish, by going on the

Continent. Before he set out, he had spent nine tenths of his property, so that this transmarine trip answered more ends than one :—he left thousands at the pharaoh table,—lent without security to any titled man, and was twice nearly ruined by ambition ; once in his fruitless endeavours to be chosen for a borough ; and once from being taken in by a sharper, who engaged, for a stipulated sum, to make him Sir Theophilus. In France, though 36 years old, he swore he would be a *petit maitre* ; and employed language, fencing, dancing, and riding masters, *sine fine :* but the *graces* and he were at open war. After nearly breaking all his limbs, he could do no one earthly thing like a courtier, but was a tradesman in every thing but œconomy ; his tongue was far too unweildy to use the flippant French language ; he spit in peoples faces, when in the labour of expression,

—and was unintelligible. At last, he took up poetry, and, amongst the many lines he wrote, some were good: Dacres liked him as a subject for laughter, and he followed Dacres, because he was acquainted with all the *noblesse* in Paris.

BOOK V.

CONTENTS OF BOOK V.

The Heir's return to England—Meets Prospectus—The Heir relates his past life and circumstances—Prospectus's benevolence—Their journey to Pope's Grotto—Reflections on what life appeared at 18, and what it seemed at eight and twenty—Second illness of the Heir—He sends for Prospectus to his estate; they converse, and are interrupted by the arrival of a Relation.

MR Dacres found his constitution so hurt, that it was absolutely necessary for him to breathe his native air. He accordingly returned to England much changed and emaciated, since his first quiting it: He had seen the pleasures and follies

of many nations, in all of which he had mixed as naturally as a native : he had acquired their languages, their customs, and almost their air and deportment ; in exchange for which, he had paid immense sums of gold, some unhappy moments, and a portion of his health. At Rome, he had been a Roman ; at Paris, a Parisian ; at Vienna, a German : He was now once again to resume the character of an Englishman, the part was not difficult to play, being the first he had ever appeared in : Still, however, was his mind restless, and so fond was he of variety, that he was ever seeking an ideal something which he could not embrace : He often avowed, that he never was happy, until, being destitute of fortune, and tired of a single life, he married, hid himself from the world, and lived like a hermit in every thing but his solitude. His taste for travelling, had not only cost him

a great deal, but he had by this means acquired a number of Continental foibles grafted on the British stock; he was an *amateur* of French ladies, foreign cookery, and wines; he drank like a German, was as volatile as a Frenchman, did not dislike the obsequious flattery of the Italians; loved play, could draw his sword for a trifle, was vain and dressy, fond of court, and of public-places, charitable, generous, and as unguarded as a child:—Add to this, he undertook to protect a number of poor artists and foreigners, who generally betrayed and laughed at him;—and, to compass which, his purse was no ways adequate.

All these expensive propensities he brought back to England with him;—and, besides, he spent as much in horses and dogs as any country squire who never left his natal shire, and who would

no more mix with *outlandish people*, than a Jew would eat pork,—or an ancient superstitious Russian would dine on a dove.

One of the first people he met with at the old corner of Pall Mall, and St James's Street, was Prospectus, who was come back to his own country in a wind-mill;—that is to say, wrapt up in an airy project of this nature, the fabrication of which was to save the nation millions,—and to execute every thing that could be done in the firmament above, and on the earth below, and in the waters, &c. &c.—Prospectus was *flying* all the way from *Dieppe* to Brighton; and when his friend met him, he was actually in full sail at the rate of nine knots *per* hour: He had nearly sunk the packet he came over in, by trying the experiment of a wheel;—and was as near

upsetting Dacres in the street, by the concussion of running foul of him.—"Ah! my dear fellow," cried the latter, "I embrace you!—You're welcome from the sky!—I see you're *in nubibus;* but I hope you recollect me." Their joy at meeting was great. A private room was ordered at the Mount, and dinner provided, that they might talk over old times. Prospectus was as partial to Dacres as if he had been his brother; and required of him to relate all that had passed since they were both in Paris,—which Dacres did in a few words; the general view of which was as follows:

He had had amorous adventures of almost every hue, and mostly fraught with regret and danger:—He had been once wounded in the arm,—and two or three times in scrapes of a pecuniary nature:—He had entailed numberless incumbran-

ces of every kind on his estate, and other property: In every thing he dabbled in he was duped:—He had long been a martyr to his boundless generosity; and was near becoming a sacrifice to the murderous democracy of France; from having mixed in politics, and having taken an active part in the Revolution,—and being of a society which once undertook to protect the royal martyr's escape:—Returned to England, he frequented all foreigners, and play'd deep:—He had Don Quixote ideas of chivalry, tilting it, &c.; and so refined was his notion of honour, that he would sooner have taken a gentleman's (and particularly an officer's) word as a security, than bills, bonds, or assignments from the richest merchant on change. This also led him into difficulties; and, by this confidence in others, he reduced a once overgrown fortune to almost nothing.

All that remained now was a small estate, which was mortgaged to an *accommodating* Jew, who always had a trifle of money ready to tempt the expensive credulous heir, and employed an attorney who had a happy nack of entering up judgments, and getting things sold for half their value.

Prospectus felt for his friend sincerely; he had a princely heart, and would have given worlds to have been able to punish the impostors that preyed on D's vitals:—It made him periodically insane:—At one time he was for garnishing the corners of the streets with usurer's ears;—at another time he wished every man who over-reached another, flead alive:—Gamesters were to be decimated;—and prostitutes condemned to forty years proscription.—Poor good man! he measured every one's integrity by his own, and

thought that the garden of life could be weeded till it became a second Eden.

Vain task! Dacres sat down in tame submission to his lot; and, knowing that virtue and honour are precluded from no profession, only regreted his never having met with them in his intercourse with the world.

Prospectus for a while neglected his wind-mill, and turned all his thoughts on settling his friend's affairs; which, however, D's imprudencies, and other collateral impediments, always rendered impracticable. The better, however, to consider them, Prospectus ordered a chaise, and carried his friend to his cottage on the banks of the Thames. In this retreat they lived for some time together, without being able to put the state of Dacres's finances in better order

than they were before :—His health, however, mended ; he enjoyed the sweets of quiet, and was out of harm's way.

During his short residence with Prospectus, they visited the many beauties which adorn the flowery banks of the Thames, and which really may be fairly called features excelling each other in loveliness, but all bearing a pleasing resemblance to the same countenance, of which each forms a part, only sufficiently diversified to render the whole more striking.

They went one day to Pope's Grotto, formerly the enchanting residence of that immortal bard, and which will bear his name as long as grateful memory retains a place in the human mind. Here Prospectus had every faculty benumbed :—a respectful stupor suddenly seized him :

he scarcely dared walk or speak, as if he feared he should jostle some wood nymph, —some fair sojourner in the sylvan stream, or intrude on the Genius of the Grotto, and break the charm of inspiration. One would have thought that he expected Echo to answer him in rhyme, and Zephyrus to whisper soft accents to him through the leaves. The wind-mill, and the analysis of metalics, were thrust from his brain: he was all silent admiration personified: —At length he burst from his *reverie*, and began the eulogy of the departed poet, whose shade he fancied was present, and haunted the neighbouring groves.

Dacres wrote a few lines; but as our thoughts (however diverted and drawn outwards) commonly recoil, and fall back upon the centre, or principal object of our mind;—so when Dacres had turned his eye on every side, and sated the or-

gan of sight with external images, he cast his looks for a moment on the ground, and, seating himself under a tree, began a conversation, of which a retrospect of his past life was the subject.

It may be observed of almost every one, that, in reflective moments, the eye is always cast on the sky or on the ground, and never to right or left, or straight forward. In affliction, a natural impulse leads us to raise our eyes to heaven, as to the seat of comfort, where dwells the Patron of the wretched, and from which source alone a certain succour may be expected. In other moments, when the subject is retrospective, or the mere mental review of past days, faded grandeurs, exhausted pleasures, or departed friends,—our looks fall slowly dejected on the earth. Whether this is because we know that these things

fade like the flower of the forest; or whether, because our last bed (the grave) whilst it awaits us all, is also the boundary of all earthly enjoyments,—let the moralist, or philosopher, determine: One thing I have remarked through life: We seldom speak of the past, without an involuntary sigh; and I have an humble opinion of a man's heart and understanding, when I hear him speak of days which he can never see again, with unbecoming levity: A materialist will tell you, that the reason why we look on the ground, or sometimes shut our eyes when thinking profoundly, is, that the optic nerve, tired of the frivolous variety of life, reposes itself on that wholesome grave colour in which nature is drest, or for a moment (by closing entirely) absents itself from the world's busy moving scene; which he relates as a mere mechanical business;

but which really is an awful lesson to every one who is capable of taking it.

I crave my reader's patience for this digression. Let us resume our theme. Dacres, with his eyes in the direction which already has been mentioned, began his discourse. Prospectus, whose looks were turned upwards, as though to catch a poetical inspiration, lent his ear and sat down by his friend.

Should my reader think me hypothetical, accuse me of inconsistence, and say that I have departed from my own tenets by this third fact, stating, that Prospectus, in a retrospective mood, cast his view towards the clouds,—I must excuse myself, by telling him, that he was not in a retrospective, nor a reflective mood; but in an enthusiastic sally of the brain: He doated on the works of great men;

and his ideas were now flying amongst the spheres and hemispheres, in a zodiaical direction: He had not a notion which was not *nubical*: In sallies of the brain, men always look upwards; in which I believe there is some affectation.

How wonderfully different did life appear to Dacres now to what it did when first he began his youthful career. He saw every thing in a different point of view: Pleasure seemed vanity; what was enjoyment, now appeared like sorrow; and the once delicious draught of voluptuousness, he now thought a corrosive fluid, which had insinuated itself through his veins with poisonous subtility, consuming his health, and undermining his happiness:—He conceived it an age since the joys of life had vanished, and he feared it would be much longer before he could taste their sweets again:

The reason was, that his ignorance of the world, when first he embarked in it, constituted its chief charm:—He had now had an uneasy, though short passage; he had learned a good deal during the time, each article of which had cost him a pang, and lowered himself and all mankind in his estimation. To use a nautical language,—when first he set sail it was high water on the stream of affluence, the flow was soft and liberal; Youth furnished the rigging, whilst Pleasure presided at the helm; artless Inexperience worked the vessel, and the wanton gale of Flattery wafted this fragile bark where'er it pleased: Dreadful were the rocks and shelves on which it was tost; sometimes near sinking in the gulph of Vice, sometimes as nearly overwhelmed in the swell of Ambition; deserted by fortune, and often a-ground, what was the conclusion of the voyage? Disappointment:—

Though Hope still held the anchor, yet the ship was injured; and Reason never once had been able to take the command of her.

These were the contrasts in Dacres' ideas of life at eighteen, when he set sail, and at eight and twenty, when, (after being stranded,) he at last returned home, shattered and plundered.

The conversation now turned on particularities concerning our hero's fortune and losses, uninteresting to the reader. At length, evening o'ertook Prospectus and himself, and they returned home to dinner. The Cosmopolite could not remain long in a place:—He accordingly left Prospectus's cottage to revisit London, where company and late hours soon affected a change in his health:—He fell sick, and was obliged to retire to his

mortgaged acres, and the deserted mansion which he had not seen for many years.

The old house drew tears from his eyes on his arrival,—every thing affected him,—he was nervous to a degree. Nothing could be such a picture of the former œconomy of its old proprietor, and the extravagance of the lavish heir who inherited it, as the state of the poor dwelling: The walls were mouldy, the rooms lofty and cold,—every thing was out of repair,—decay lurked in every corner,—the gates would scarcely give him admission; whilst their rusty hinges, and his dog who had forgotten him, seemed to him like the sharpest rebukes: He was a perfect stranger in that country where every thing should have been familiar to him, and where his bounty should have fed the poor and fatherless tenant of the ham-

let: The house was half unfurnished, by an execution which had lately been in it: A few superannuated chairs, tables, and three beds, were all the furniture the sons of rapine had left: The library was untouched; most of the books were moth-eaten; others were thought of no value: They were either unintelligible to these gentry; or were religious books, treating on charity, forbearance, and the like: Those would never do for sale. One book of holy writ was burnt, because the attorney, on opening it, found this text, "Be patient with me, and I will pay ye "all." He swore it was left there on purpose.

The attorney employed was Compromise: O'Shougnecy, the old Irish porter, who had lived forty eight years in the family, could not keep his hands off him: "You ungrateful thief, cried he, many a

" wrinkle has our family taken out of your
" belly, when you were starving : I *wish't*
" old master's picture could speak for
" your sake : Oh ! by the hill of Howth,
" how he'd jobble your bay wig against
" the wall ! Do you recollect the time I
" met master handing you down stairs by
" the lug ?"

Compromise did not sell old master's picture, nor the coffers once filled with gold, and which now were rotting in the cellar. Some young men would have found this place unbearable :—Dacres did not :—He sat down there with a truly penitent heart, after kissing his father's portrait, as a pilgrim would have kissed the relict of a saint :—The old porter was quite a friend ; and his young master did but one thing which displeased him,—this was his keeping la Jeunesse. The old man sickened at a Frenchman ; and wish-

ed the horses legs broken that carried master to France, which, he said, was his ruin.

When Dacres had made his house a little habitable, he sent for Prospectus, that he might have the solace of his friendship and good advice. Prospectus was ever ready to assist his friend in any way :—He arrived with all possible alacrity :—They had just began a second coversation, when a relation of Dacres was announced : he came to inform him of the exchange having taken place which Dacres had been for some time trying to effect ; (his regiment being ordered to the West Indies) his health was so impaired, that the climate, he feared, would prove fatal to him ; in consequence of which he exchanged into a new regiment, in which he lost rank, and was certain of being forced to retire ultimately on half-pay. He regretted that he had

taken up the army so late in life, as it would have been his glory to have served his King in his youth; and perhaps he had by this means avoided many of the ills which befel him. This visit did not last very long; his relation, after taking some refreshment, withdrew, to the great satisfaction of Prospectus and Charles.

BOOK. VI.

CONTENTS OF BOOK VI.

Prospectus and Charles Dacres resume their discourse—They expatiate on the ingratitude of the World—Story of Catherine continued, and concluded—Dacres marries, and writes to her—Reflections on Matrimony—A Dinner at a great Man's house—History of D'Olinville the Emigrant—Their Journey to Switzerland—And a retrospect of the whole work.

THE exit of this *mal a propos* visitor, who had intruded on these two friends in the reign of confidence, again gave our hero an occcasion to disburthen a heart loaded with misfortune, and sickening at the

ingratitude it had experienced from mankind: Numberless were the examples of *friend remembering not*, which the poor Dacres cited: One of the most striking was Dick Heartless, who, after squandering his own, and a great part of Dacres's property, and owing his liberty, and almost his life, to the latter, became his avowed enemy, and did him all the injuries in his power. It would astonish one, to think that a man of so much sense and talents as Mr Dacres, was continually a prey to sharpers, swindlers, and sycophants:—The truth was, that he often was duped with a pre-suspicion of so being; it seemed as if predestination had conducted him: And if such a system was true, one would have thought it doubly so in all these instances. The misfortune was, that Charles Dacres had, unluckily for him, a heart too great, and too powerful for his reason; he was angry to

be convinced of the turpitude of men :— He always hoped they were better than they are, and when his head mistrusted any one, he despised himself for harbouring the thought, and acted as if no such idea had struck him. Often would he repine at his knowledge of the world, and cast a longing look towards that period, when he was happy in his ignorance : For now, he used to say,—" I am travelling " through a desart, and looking for a " friend, as Diogenes with his lantern " sought for an honest man."

In his conversation with Prospectus, this was not that part which interested him the most. He did not begin with the chief cause of his uneasiness ; the heart, (as the great Sully observes) involved in its own vexation, has need, in the first instant, of the aid of other objects to be disentangled. Catherine of

Meaux occupied his tenderest thought: "—Alas!" cried he, "poor girl! her lot afflicts me, more than all the other distresses which fill up the long black catalogue of my calamities; particularly because her sorrows were all the effect of my unpardonable misconduct.

"You know, my dear friend, our unexpected meeting at Paris, and that just at that period I had formed an unfortunate connexion with that artful woman Madame Bellecourt: I regretted it, but could not break, the charm. Catherine perceived a visible change in my conversation and conduct:—My frequent absences, and the humiliating disappointments she met with from me: She however suffered in silence; but when I used to endeavour to comfort her by protestations, she used to say, "how changed my

language was! and how France had vitiated me!" She was right, and particularly so in her quotation of Guarini's Pastor Fido, and my own translation of this passage:

" ——— *Tu troppo scaltro sei*
" *Gia per lungo uso a ragionar d'amore.*

" That thou art hackney'd in the ways of love,
" Thy cold, experienc'd reasoning does prove:
" True love is mute, leaves eloquence to art,
" And chains the accents, where he binds the
" heart."

" Day followed day, and moon succeeded moon;—but however varied the scene of life might be, in all other respects, it was uniform in this one point of view:—Poor Catherine's lot did not change, in proportion as time appeared to advance with her towards the conclusion of her

woes: The temple of happiness seemed ever to be retreating, until it vanished entirely from her sight. Truth, not Hymen, held the torch,—whilst neglected love, with cruel officious hand, raised up the veil, and broke the charm for ever. She had for a long time perceived, with pain, the unjustifiable preference I gave Madame Bellecourt;—but so gentle was her disposition, that she never once used a harsh remonstrance on this subject:—It was the optative, not the imperative mood, which she employed, to disengage me from the charms and artifices of this lady,—who, on the other hand, left nothing undone to blacken Catherine, and make me abandon her. Never had the Promethean wand more power than her imperious love, which just had led me captive when and how she pleased.

" One evening in August, as I was walking with Catherine under those lofty trees in the *Champs Eliseés*, ruminating with pity on her severe destiny, and inwardly detesting my blind devotion to a woman who never could be mine by honourable means, and the present possession of whom was attended with danger, remorse, and the ruin of Catherine,—Whilst I was *enveloped* in these reflections, Catherine, whose eyes were fixed on silver Cynthia's passage through a cloud, seated herself on a bench, and, addressing herself to me in a plaintive mellifluous note, (the accents of which still vibrate on my ear :) " My dear " Charles, (said she) tell me candidly, " is it not a great deal of pity, and the " remembrance of happier days, when " you had not tasted the dissipated at- " tractions of life, which make you still

" pay forced and external attentions
" to me, but which motives are not
" powerful enough to make you give up
" my rival, nor to prevail upon you to
" embrace retirement and poverty with
" one, (whose influence over your heart
" is hourly diminishing,)—should that be
" the case, painful as it might be to my
" feelings, I would not restrain the free-
" dom of your choice one moment, nor
" owe, to a civil contract, a title which
" could have no value in my sight, but
" what the *free agency of affection* could
" annex to it."

" Here she, with some trouble, drew breath, and cast her eyes on the ground. There was something aweful in the stillness of the atmosphere at the time of her speaking, as though even echo, respecting her beauty and misfortunes, dared

not interrupt her discourse,—whilst Æolus had becalmed all the winds, lest they should carry away, on their downy pinions, words destined for ever to be engraven on my memory.

"Though Euphony has often aided the treacherous and artful,—yet, whenever the voice of conscience is not silenced, we find it difficult to defend what we ourselves know to be culpable. I was as confused and uneloquent in my reply, as the arguments I adduced to support my conduct were evasive and unsatisfactory. Catherine saw she was abandoned,—and, from that moment, broke off the commerce of letters, interviews, &c.

"This was not all:—The declension of her very small property, was such as forced her to accept an employment at court, where virtue is a slender recom-

mendation. She had incessant applications from those who sought to ensnare her, by offers, bribes, and anonymous letters, shewing forth my perfidy, and her danger. Overtures were made to her by one of the blood-royal;—but such as, instead of flattering her ambition with the hopes of a princely fortune, and sharing the splendour and magnificence of that prince who courted her, offended her in the extreme, and added a pang to misery, by forcing her to hear proposals, odious, in the highest degree, to a mind as pure as her person was lovely.

"The next infernal invention to ensnare her, was, making use of my name to injure her reputation, by insinuating, in every part of Versailles, that my visits were of a very different nature from what they really were.

"Madame de S——, so well known for her intrigues in the court of France, that able female politician, * and bigot to the execrable revolution, had devoted her to destruction; and would have compassed it, had Catherine not thrown up her pension and employment, and withdrawn precipitately from Court, bereft of every thing but her honour. It was in this sad unprotected state that I left Catherine, too proud to owe obligations to one whose perfidy had lost her every thing. She married the object, not of

* To give a sketch of Madame de S——'s character, we cannot help quoting this passage: "If "all the merit of those we usually call able poli- "ticians, consists in endeavouring to ensnare the "open and undesigning, and to make those bear "the blame of their wickedness, while they, at "the same time, enjoy all the benefits of it,—a "politician is then truly a very despicable thing."

Sully's Memoirs.

her choice, but of necessity,—and drags on a heavy existence, embittered by concealment, and unextinguished love."

This was not the worst part of poor Catherine's history; for Mr Dacres afterwards learned in Switzerland, from a distant relation of her's, that her marriage had proved most unhappy:—She had married at a time when it was only in her power to dispose of her hand,—her heart being irretrievably given to Charles Dacres. What was most to be lamented was, that Charles's neglect and inconstancy furnished no cure to a passion too deeply rooted to be eradicated by any effects of time or circumstances:—She strove to hate, to despise, to forget him:—She burned his letters:—She returned his portrait:—She avoided every place they had been together in:—It was all fruitless,—all in vain:—If she flew to

her harp to drown thought, some air, which *she imagined* he sang better than any one else, fell involuntarily from her trembling hand: If she read, some of his verses, or the sounds of his voice whispering in fancy's ear, disturbed her:—She dared not think:—Even in his vices she thought him amiable:—Her infatuation sometimes even went so far as to excuse his infidelity and breach of promise:—She called every body Charles:—She was completely wretched. The day before the celebration of her nuptials, she confided her secret to her husband:—She candidly told him she could *love* no man:—She begged him to pardon and to esteem her:—She hesitated,—she wanted to put off the day:—At length he upbraided her with her want of courage,—with D's slights:—Rage intervened:—She rashly married. Her husband had no other motive for espous-

ing her than the vanity of having one of the most beautiful women in the world, without ever calculating whether he could be happy with her or not. Her reasons, (if the word *reason* can be used in such a desperate case,) have already been given.

What fruits could be expected from such an union? Hatred and sorrow :— Catherine was continually in secret, and in her own mind making comparisons between Dacres and her husband, which rendered the latter odious to her. He, on the other hand, was ever regretting what could not be undone; and discovering the misery of possessing *merely* an image for other's admiration. He grew sullen, harsh, and even cruel to her :— This completed her detestation for him : —They scarcely lived together three months; he left her, and always lived at

his regiment. Virtue forbade her to indulge her passion for Dacres; and Solitude, alas! is more calculated to feed than conquer fondness. What she ought to have done, let the Moralist tell;—still she must be pitied:—That she ought to have called in the virtues of fortitude, patience, and resignation, to her aid,—we all know:—That she wanted philosophy, is equally true:—But these reflections come too late,—her senses left her;—and thus ended poor Catherine.

The ruined heir, shortly after this interview with Prospectus, married; but here the fates again conspired against his fortune. He had refused two or three rich matches during his residence abroad, and lately rejected offers from Miss Lovelucre's family of Botolph Lane, who found the secret to squeeze out of oranges and lemons 25,000 l.

His opinion of matrimony was just what it was about honour,—a thing neither to be bought nor sold. "In a "wife," said he, "I do not want a bank-"er or money-broker. I want a friend, "companion, and ally; one who is as "ready to stem the torrent of affliction "with me, as to enjoy the tide of luxu-"ry."

He accordingly married a small fortune with a great mind; one who would not disgrace his table, should he be exalted to the highest situation of life,—yet who was wholly devoid of vanity and pride. He wrote to Catherine (alas! too late) a most affectionate letter, exhorting her to every thing that could contribute to her domestic comfort, and to rendering her husband happy. He abandoned all his projects of places, pensions, travelling, play-writing, &c. &c. and resolved

to quit the busy scenes of life, and to banish himself for ever from his native country, where he could no longer be what he was, and retire for cheapness and reflection's sake, into Switzerland. This, however, he did not put in execution, till one year after his marriage, when his family was encreased by one. Every thing was packed up, and their departure resolved on.

Before Charles Dacres retired from the world for ever, he thought it necessary to go and thank Lord ————, not for his actual services, but for his professions of zeal, and the many applications he *was to have* made to Ministry: He was lavish in his acknowledgments and civilities, hoping that this would have been the most efficacious and generous rebuke he could have made use of.—He was wrong:—Thirty years service, *not in*

the army, but in politics, had faded the rose of sincerity that was wont to diffuse its hue over his cheek, when at a less interested, worldly period of life. His Lordship, fetching up a short cough, the meaning of which Dacres well knew, pressed one of his hands between both of his, and (with a smile that bespoke the lively interest he professed to take in his welfare,) he insisted that he would return at six o'clock and dine with him: "That "we may drink a bottle together (said "he) before you put your antediluvian "plan of life into execution.—My dear "Sir, you must come.—How is Mrs Da-"cres and your boy? don't forget to pre-"sent her my *devoirs*.—What a wild "scheme this biding adieu to the world, "and vegetating with the mountain-"goats, is!—I'll take no excuse."

All the time his Lordship enjoyed his monologue; Mr Dacres at length spoke

in his turn,—accepted his invitation with a smile of irony,—blushed for his friend, and withdrew to dress.

Before we call a hackney-coach (his own he had long sold) for the heir, and set him down at the great man's table, let us enquire into the nature of the *short cough* in question, and give his analysis thereof, with explanatory notes. This *short cough* is made use of by many people, on different occasions; it is a kind of hectic affection, which appears as if the lungs had a periodical contraction, or as if the breath suffered suppressions from the intervention of some denser, less rarified matter, entering the thorax; its effect generally is known by a *hem!* Sometimes accompanied by a guilty blush, sometimes, in more hardened beings, by a false smile,—that kind of one which seems as though a man smiled in spite

of his teeth ;—sometimes in delicate constitutions, a dejection of the eyes announces it ; in more phlegmatic, cold, pituitous habits, it is done simply with a friction of one palm against the other, and often with an elevation of the shoulders ;—but it is an indubitable and invariable sign of one of the two following effects :—Either a refusal, or complying with what is asked *contre coeur*, and with a bad grace :—For instance, that sensative plant, a young woo'd maiden, makes use of this effort when the question is asked her :—A man, who makes restitution from policy, not conscience, accompanies the deed with this kind of thing : A former friend, who has been ungrateful, and is forced to hear you expostulate, introduces this form as a collateral evidence in his defence :—And, lastly, when any one is asked a favour which he is resolved not to grant, or which he

half accords, from a quick involuntary impulse of the heart, and repents it the next moment, then always the *hem!* is the preface to the affair; and this last case our Cosmopolite, who by this time knew mankind, explains thus:

When a man inhales egotism and worldliness, it so combats with the natural, benevolent, brotherly expansion of the heart, that there is a momentary suspension of its action, from the re-action of this foreign, unnatural power: The blood stands still in a selfish, disobliging posture, and (fearing lest, by its flow towards the extremities, that it should succour a neighbour by diminishing the central stock at home,) returns upon the heart, where, undulating in a cold, niggardly way, it chills and clogs it, till at length it is forced back to the limbs, &c. &c. in the old channel. If

every circumstance of the life of the hero of our work was known to the reader, this story would not be found so irrelevant from the subject before him;—but,—dinner is ready, and the company assembled at my Lord's.

The usual ceremonies of bows, and common place topics of conversation, regulated by the Barometer, passed; when the guests decended a stone staircase which conducted a party of *beaux* to dinner: they soon ranged themselves round the table. Mr Dacres observed a tall pale-faced gentleman, (meanly dressed, but whose features bespoke nobility,) just beyond the verge of this illustrious circle, hanging back as it were, and waiting to be asked to sit down;—this my Lord did by a motion of his hand;—the old gentleman obeyed:—Valour seemed written in capital characters on his forehead, whilst pa-

tience and humility reigned in his eyes. Charles Dacres was so struck with him, that he left a higher place, to sit down by him; at first he took him for a poor relation, but a cross of the order of St Louis, hung on the inside of his coat, shewed him to be an officer; his accent told him to be a Frenchman: The threadbare cloath he wore, and the faded ribband on which the cross was suspended, proved him to be an emigrant: His cross was well earned: Alas! it was not the only one he had carried with constancy and concealment.

During dinner, the conversation turned on France in general: he was astonished that this gentleman knew none of the *haute noblesse* of his own country; he found something singular in him, obtained his address, and was resolved to learn his story. Accordingly, he called on him the next day: He found him lodged in a

garret, in a dark unwholesome street of London,—a bed in one corner of the room, —his dinner was cooking on the fire,— pen and ink before him, and an old brass gilt sword, with a crape about it, hung on one side of him; one might easily see it was not a sword of parade, *materiam superabat opus*,—(*Ovid.*)—The work surpassed the materials,—the glorious actions it had performed gave it intrinsic value; at a broker's shop, it would not have fetched ten pence: There was but one chair in the room; the old soldier apologized at Dacres entering, after which he presented it to him, and seated himself on a trunk; but Dacres, who held poverty in the highest respect and veneration, and who deemed it infamous to humble the dejected, pushing aside this seat of preeminence, insisted on siting on the trunk by him: He felt his heart warm to the old warrior, and, embracing him with af-

fectionate familiarity, " My dear com-
" rade," said he, " if we were in the field
" of battle, we should be glad to sit on
" the ground; and honoured should I
" feel, to place myself and combat by
" the side of such a veteran."

A tender emotion seized the Chevalier D'Olinville, (that was his name;) his heart beat with unaccustomed quickness, he heaved a sigh, a jewel of the first water shone under his eye lid; Mr Dacres hid his face a moment in his handkerchief; and at length D'Olinville began his history.

" The desire which you have to hear
" my story, (said he) is sufficient to make
" me pass over the heart-aching pangs
" which the recital may cost me. I have
" ever evaded the enquiries of the curi-
" ous, yet feel flattered when humanity

" prompts any one to interest himself a-
" bout so obscure and humble a being
" as I am.

" There is no romance, and little en-
" tertainment in my history : Compassion
" may shed a pitying tear over it,—as to
" myself, the grave must soon bury the
" remembrance of my house, with me
" it's last sad remains, in it's oblivious
" bosom.

" You might have been astonished at
" my not knowing the illustrious person-
" ages you asked me about in France,
" and who were your friends whilst a-
" broad :—the reason is, I never frequent-
" ed the capital,—I never saw Court,—I
" envied not the great,—I asked no fa-
" vours,—mixed in no intrigues:—though
" my fortune was small, it sufficed,—I
" felt independent, despising ambition

" and confined myself to doing my duty
" as an officer, and giving bad exam-
" ple to no one. I hold it right to e-
" steem honest men in every walk of
" life ; yet my family, from father to son,
" never knew but one : They have serv-
" ed under the once spotless banners of
" France for 300 years ;— some have
" been slain in fighting for their King ;
" —others retired in the vale of years,
" and, with their aged limbs, assisted in
" cultivating their patrimonial field.—
" We all lived quietly, and far distant
" from the capital, in Lower Brittany, as
" humbly dressed as the most menial of
" our domestics. On Sundays, at high
" mass, a black coat and sword distin-
" guished us from the lower order of men.
" And once, in a certain number of
" years, we dressed in our uniform, and
" took that place *aux etats* which our
" rank entitled us to. Thus, year suc-

" ceeded year,—and son followed father,
" walking in the same steps.—Whilst
" young, we endeavoured to fight a good
" fight, and left the rest to heaven.

" *Adrien D'Olinville,* who has the ho-
" nour to speak to you, is the last of his
" unfortunate name!—I am that miser-
" able man!—After going through thir-
" teen *campagnes*, in which this emaciat-
" ed body was pretty well cicatrised, I
" got my retreat,—rank of captain of ca-
" valry, and the cross. I had some years
" before married a lady of suitable rank
" and fortune:—She was a lieutenant-
" general's daughter, and brought me
" one thousand pounds annually. I
" thought it a great deal:—We furnish-
" ed, or rather modernized the furniture
" of my ancient *chateau;* in which we
" brought up (I trust in virtue) four

" boys,—*Adrien*, *Louis*, *Amedé*, and " *Charles*."

He seemed to take a pride in naming these four sons; there was a dolorous modulation of the accents of grief in pronouncing these four names; each seemed to have its separate distress:— His voice failed him at the last.

" I placed two of them, (resumed he) " one in the cavalry, one in the infantry, " at the ages of sixteen and fifteen:— " The other two were too young. In " short, after seven years service, the Re- " volution arrived:—They emigrated:— " They did their duty: I had nothing " to do with politics: The peasantry said " they loved me, and wished me among " them. I had a wife I loved, and two " children, one just old enough to serve. " It was thought I might have staid un-

" molested; but my King was in chains!
" —His brother assembled the nobility
" on the frontiers:—I felt my duty was
" obedience:—Age is a poor pretence.
" When the throne is invested, the no-
" bility should be its rampart; and it is
" over their dead mutilated bodies that
" the parricide should march, leaving not
" one alive e'er he attain the steps which
" lead to the sovereign's person.

" I accordingly put on our dear de-
" parted monarch's livery, and, with a
" heavy heart, joined our martial bands,
" taking one more son to join the other
" two. We served as simple volunteers,
" the knapsack on our backs. The in-
" dolent and presumptuous may intrigue
" and cabal for precedence;—but he
" who goes nobly to work, and fights *de*
" *bon cœur*, cares not what rank he

" bears, but only piques himself on serv-
" ing with distinction.

" I thought my wife's age, sex, her
" virtues, and the little good I and fami-
" ly had done, must have protected her
" and an unoffending infant.—Not so :—
" The guillotine was drenched in their
" blood !—My sons all fell in battle !—
" In the most desponding moments, I
" had hoped that when I was no more,
" my boys would live to see their coun-
" try blessed with Peace,—a King upon
" the throne,—and a Religion triumph-
" ant ;—and thought that my ashes
" would feel the glow of a latent spark,
" when one of them might shew this *
" little ornament to my grand-children,
" and say, " Thy grand-father wore this
" when the *legion de la Châtre* charged

* The cross of St Louis.

" our martyr'd sovereign's assassins with
" so much fury. Alas! now I must
" march in silence to the grave. So be
" it: I am fed on the bounty of your
" generous nation. My Lord ———
" promised me something more;—we
" both are tired of that subject. One
" thing consoles me: I received a wound
" here on my breast in combating your
" countrymen:—I have brought it back
" to those from whom I received it;—
" and heaven grant that I may open it
" again in their defence:—But I fear
" that my sun will set without that sa-
" tisfaction:—*Au surplus*, when heaven
" drops the curtain,—the scene must
" change!"

* * * * * * *

Thus ended their conversation. Charles Dacres embraced him a second time,—and left him abruptly!—His heart was

full:—He meditated how he could serve him.

Dacres was not one of those fastidious coxcombs who really feel for no one, and content themselves with the idle shew of benevolence!—He never made a promise without an intent of performing it; nor framed a phraze of which truth was not the subject.—Tired of the world,—a martyr to ingratitude,—nine-tenths of his property consumed,—his health impaired,—and patience worn out with expecting a change of fortune,—and living upon promises,—he retired into Switzerland, with his wife and children, rich in their affection and his own experience: He took with him the Chevalier D'Olinville, and resolved never to leave him during his life; and, should he survive him, he was determined to pay him the last sad offices of friendship,—and to re-

trench some trifling comforts of life, to bestow on him those honours due to his rank and valour.—He had seen his error, and now sought but for *one* friend,—that One who never deserts the unfortunate, nor denies His succour when asked with fervour and humility;—and for that Friend he looked *above*.

Dacres turned farmer, D'Olinville was to teach his sons fencing; and they were to be brought up at the wholesome school of adversity, until their age permitted them to serve; at which period, our hero resolved to dedicate every one (were they even twenty in number) to his King.

Though D'Olinville was advanced in years, yet he bore the loss of his country with less philosophy than his friend Dacres: He could not help often saying, *helas! il n'y a qu'une France!* at which

idea, and at the recollection of the miseries of France,—and the wounds given to her religion and monarchy, he invariably became sad. Dacres tried to divert him from the gloomy subject, by the following story.

"It is easier to triumph over the body than the mind: A tyrant may dispose of another's life, but he can never bereave the virtuous bosom of its native honour. Clara was the most beautiful and most unfortunate of Soliman's Christian slaves. She possessed most exquisitive beauty, and was endowed with an heroic fortitude, which no misfortune could overcome. Soliman had made himself master of her person, by treachery and force; her affections were neither to be won by the richness of his presents, nor the violence of his menaces:—He next had recourse to persuasion and flattery; but

neither these, nor the artifices of his court and seraglio, could bend her inclination to the yoke of infamy :—Her religion,—her country,—the rites of marriage,—all conspired to make her detest alike the tyrant and his offers. At 15, she had married a young Castilian nobleman of exalted rank, and personal attractions; but it was her lot to be torn from him, and to become a captive in a few weeks after the celebration of their nuptials.

" Soliman, wearied with the resistance of this stubborn Christian, (as he used to call her) humbled to see virtue triumphant over his power,—dissappointed in his passion,—and irritated by her contempt, meditated the blackest revenge :—He would have deprived her of life, had she not often told him she preferred death to dishonour,—he thought perpetual imprisonment a sharper and slower punish-

ment, and to that he condemned her during her existence.

" Delivered from the object she feared and abhorred, and liberated from his criminal insulting addresses, she found a kind of freedom in chains ; and whenever the image of her husband, her parents, or her country, filled her with dejection ; the consolation of having been a victim to the cause of virtue, alleviated her distress, and made every affliction supportable. There is a balsam in patient resignation, which cures the poisonous wound of care ; nay, even turns the edge, and averts the arrow, of malevolence :—The oppressor, seeing a soul consecrated to the will of Providence, loses his vindictive pleasure ;—his arm becomes impotent,—he feels the contempt of the righteous,—the sceptre of tyranny falls broken from

his hand,—and full oft he bursts with dis-sappointment.

"In the same fortress where Clara was a captive, Albert, a Norman by birth, and an unsuccessful knight of Malta, (taken by the Turks in a naval combat) was also confined: His pulse beat high with the proud swell of honourable indignation,—to be conquered by savages,—to be lost to his King and country,—to be uncertain as to his future fate in life.—Never more perhaps to share the perils and glories of his brethren in arms,—nor to breathe his natal air, distracted him.—The eagle, proud child of the sun, pent in an iron cage, could not beat its bold breast with more rage against those bars which rendered its daring wing cumbrous and unuseful, than Albert dashed his manly limbs with impatient misery against the grate of his cell; each time he view-

ed the rising of the sun through the bars of his small substitute for a window, he thought the sun of his fortune set for ever, and sunk into deep despondence.

"At length his health required him to take the air, and his religion told him, that we are not to usurp the authority which an invisible hand has over our existence: we are neither to waste our youth, and shorten the period of life, by folly and debauchery; nor, in the reign of sorrow, to refuse acting our part towards the prolongation of our earthly exile: He was ashamed of his despair;—devoutly kissed the cross he wore round his neck;—and walked forward.

"In adversity the heart is open to every soft impulse. The sight of Clara filled him with ardent love:—The idea of rescuing her, at one time absorbed all his

mental powers :—at another, he contracted all his desires into one small circle ; and the possession of the amiable Clara would have made a life of slavery sweet beyond the power of utterance.—Alas ! here again was he shipwrecked on the sea of human uncertainty :—To rescue her was impossible :—To marry her, equally impracticable : Ramparts and centinels opposed the former project ;—and an indissoluble engagement prevented the latter. Disgust once more seized on his mind, and threw him into a fever ;—but piety again administered a cure, and he felt redoubled pleasure on walking round the battlements with his lovely fellow-sufferer on his recovery :—She accused him of depriving her of a friend by six weeks confinement, the effect of his want of reason, and of withholding from her the sweets of society, from the indelicate wish of self-gratification and possession,

unaccompanied by esteem. He felt the force of her remarks, and admired that wisdom which adversity had taught her in its salutary school.

"The torch of love had nearly consumed his frame in his late illness; but the soberer light of instructive morality now irradiated its beams with such efficacy over his mind, that it obscured the former; still, however, did it burn in concealment, but only served to add a *something* more tender to friendship, which none but those who have felt it can conceive.

"Custom, which is second nature, daily and hourly linked the souls of Albert and Clara to each other. The moment the gaoler unlocked their cells, their first care was to procure a meeting; and at the hour of parting at night, they sunk into melancholy, and only panted for the return of

morning. Each day they walked together round the narrow circle allotted to them, and each day discovered some new beauty in it. Affliction can throw ornaments over a desart, and the smallest production of nature, viewed with those we love, is interesting in the extreme :—At one time they admired the sublimity of the sea, which they viewed from the ramparts :—At another, they compared the rugged rocks on which the fortress stood, to Soliman's unfeeling breast ; and then exulted in the idea, that he could not break their friendship. Here, wild flowers, growing amongst moss, furnished a present for Clara :—There, a shell, selected by her for Albert, served him to drink out of. When they were wearied with walking, they reposed on a seat of moss, framed by their own hands ; and when they had conversed for a long time, they varied the scene by singing duets. Some-

times Albert composed verses for Clara: —sometimes Clara took views for Albert. They agreed to join their prayers for their mutual parents, friends, and countries, and each included the dear companion of exile, in this pious address. They learned each other's language, and made a reciprocal interchange of ideas. In a word, they forgot their calamities, or, rather, their calamities disappeared from the moment their friendship was cemented.

" Seven years had elapsed, when the fatal order for enlargement was communicated to Albert:—Then, how different were his feelings to what might have been expected the first month of his confinement!—What a contrast is there between pleasures in perspective!—and pleasures about to be realized!—How ignorant are we of ourselves!—and how

true is it, that we know not what we want, and that it is madness, as well as presumption, to question the decrees of Providence. Freedom was the only sentence of banishment which could have been pronounced on Albert :—He knew not who of his relations were alive, and who dead :—His country had lost its charms; he was no longer an inhabitant of the world :—He had forgot the ways of men :—Use had made retirement natural to him :—He thought the instant his chains were loosed, Clara's would be doubly heavy to her. Could liberty be liberty without his friend?—And could he enter into society at the same time that she was condemned to a perpetual solitude? Her generosity would have insisted on his accepting his enlargement; he therefore kept the news of his intended liberation from her until he had prevailed on the Turk, by dint of im-

mense presents, to allow him to pass his life in captivity, under the pretence of not daring to return home after his defeat."

The Chevalier yielded to conviction, and admired the philosophic disposition of his friend. As life is but an exile on earth, he allowed that it is sweetened only by a sense of our own rectitude, and by the charms of sympathy and brotherly love. He was amused by the narrative; and whenever the idea of past enjoyments, or the loss of his country, *attristed* his thoughts, he called to his remembrance the story of Albert and Clara.

The situation of Charles Dacres' retreat was as descriptive of resignation and taking leave of a worldly scene of trouble, as it possibly could be. The hermi-

tage, (for so was called the seat of his voluntary exile,) was formerly inhabited by a solitary German nobleman, who, (after killing a friend in a duel, which the unchristian-like imperious laws of honour made it necessary for him to fight, having received an affront in public) banished himself from his home, and here concealed his grief, and led a life of penance.

The habitation is situated on the declivity of an eminence, about half way from the summit. It is surrounded with a hanging wood, and the foot of it is watered by a deep yet clear rivulet, whence seems to be the seat of truth and of reflection. Its gentle murmur appears to invite melancholy; and whilst it flows, in a serpentine direction, through beautiful pebbles, or laves its daiseyed banks, it furnishes a striking portrait of the pas-

sing and uncertain enjoyments of life. On looking towards the top, one naturally meditates on the easy and quick descent into the grave :—The pinnacle of youth seems distant,—and the pious and contented traveller would prefer reposing on the bank of modest retirement, to climbing the ascent of power, and enduring the ardent rays of a vertical sun in the noon-day of grandeur, which only serves to make the chilling evening of age more cold and insupportable.

Dacres and his friend often looked up to the eminence, with a sigh, not of regret but of sensibility : They possessed the shade in perfection during the summer season ; whilst, in the winter, the trees kept off the wind, or at least moderated the rigour of its coldness ; and, at times, its very hollow sound gave a sublimity to the scene. The feathered tenants of the

place, (their only neighbours) sung sweetly to them in fine weather; and, in the more inclement season, partook their hospitable familiarity.

Their mansion would have filled the worldly man with *ennui*:—It certainly was lonely:—But it would have delighted the sage, the philosopher, and christian (the best character of all.) Here did the united family of Dacres, and the last remains of the house of D'Olinville, constantly reside. Piety began their day, and with piety they concluded their evening. The social knot of this little family was tightened by approving friendship: Hope leads them on from day to day, till death shall dissolve their union here below.

They had been perfectly happy if poor Catherine of Meaux's untimely fate did

not often disturb Charles Dacre's tranquility; but perfect bliss is not to be expected :—Whenever her unfortunate beloved image presented itself to his mind, he used to take up Petrarch, and, fancying he saw Catherine in the person of Laura, he wrote the following translations, or rather imitations :

The 269th Sonnet.—*Zefiro torna, &c.*

The breath of zephyr and the spring return,
Each tender breast begins with love to burn ;
The grass new clad, enamours every eye,
Whilst Flora's children with each other vie.
In grace, soft Philomel begins to sing
The joys of youth, th' attractive pow'r of spring :
These joys the air, the earth, the water prove,
And every insect seems self-taught to love ;
Still deep I sigh ! since naught can bliss impart
But her who keeps the key that locks my heart,
And she's no more :—Then all the world must be
A desart tenantless, and wild to me.

SONNET 242.—*Discolorato hai morte, &c.*

UNTIMELY death! too stern to spare
A face so innocent and fair!
You caused to fade the rose's hue,
Nay, pluck'd the fragrant lily too,
And closed her animated eyes
As clouds obscure Aurora's rise,
As bees from flow'rs their honey sip,
Drew sweet ambrosia from her lip,
And robb'd Attention's doating ear
Of notes, which *silence* feign would hear;
Whilst from my broken heart you stole
The choicest treasure of my soul;
Which most enhanc'd the gift of sight,
My hearing's charm, my thought's delight!
Laura,—my life! my love! my dear!
Thou tenant of the starry sphere,
If souls in immortality
Commune with men, then list to me:
In shadowy form my steps attend,
Till life's imprisonment shall end;
Then, as the elm and ivy twine,
Let thy cold arms be lock'd in mine.

A RETROSPECT
OF
THE WHOLE WORK.

THE Dacres family being (we trust,) safe in Switzerland with their friend the brave emigrant, poor Tom Trueman, &c. provided for, and old Dacres, with his contemporaries, as also poor Catherine of Meaux, having quitted the stage of life, let us take a cursory view of this work, trusting that the same patience which has accompanied our *gentle* reader thro' the whole of these two volumes, will not desert him at the end; but, on the contrary, will incline him to indulgence in the sentence he is to pass on this little literary essay.

To parry the strokes of criticism, or defeat the attacks of satire, is not our in-

tention ; we feel our forces unequal to the task, and must only, on this head, throw ourselves on the mercy of the Court. From envy and malice we think we have nothing to fear ; the magnitude of our merit can excite envy in no one, and our humility ought to be our ægis, and throw a protective covering over all our imperfections ; for, as charity covereth a multitude of sins, so surely humility is an excuse for a multitude of deficiencies.

If the journey our reader has performed with Charles Dacres and Company has not been very entertaining, it has at least been short, whilst truth and feeling have not disdained to be of the party :— It has been proved, that the noblest Affections of the Human Heart are spoiled by Vanity ;—and that Vice and Self-interest are ever on the watch to ensnare the benevolent and unsuspecting.

In the character of a thoughtless heir, (the hero of our piece) it must be allowed that we were determined

"Nought to extenuate, nor aught set down in
" malice."

We have taken Nature for our guide, and drawn the man just as he is.

We regret, that, in our intercourse with mankind, it is necessary, to avoid being betrayed and sacrificed, to intrench one's self with cautious, cold, civility, whilst suspicion should ever stand centinel without;—and that even then we are not thoroughly protected from the ruinous efforts of malevolence.—How much more then is to be apprehended, when, without disguise, we open our hearts to all alike, and only listen to the dictates of philanthropy, which prompt us to wipe off the tear from affliction's cheek, wherever we may find her.

In foreign countries, if we are not well instructed in their languages, and singularly aided by wisdom, we are like the hand of credulity changing gold in the dark :—we run at *least an equal chance* of taking base coin in return.

The intention of this book, as explained in its Preface, is to hold up Morality for admiration,—and to censure wickedness in every line of life. Obedience is the parent of this Work ;—for the Auther sat down to write it by *particular desire*, hoping to be of use to society ;—and reflecting that as, in the general portion of knowledge and experience, many had made the richest harvest,—whilst he had only been the attendant gleaner of the field,—so it was possible that the dividend has been still smaller to others :—It is to them we write, and them we would wish to instruct. We premis-

ed, by saying, " Offence is *meant* to " none ;"—and professing our sentiments to be philanthropic and cosmopolitan :— If, then, any one fancies his own portrait delineated, where it was really not meant, and angers thereat,—we shall not be peevish,—but, like Sterne's uncle Toby, open wide the door, and the world's large enough for all of us.

ERRATA.

Vol. I.

Page 69. line 1. *for* foreigh, *read* foreign.

—— 81. —— 16. for *ecartè*, read *ecarte*.

Vol. II.

—— 89. —— 13. for *exquisitive* read *exquisite*.

——103. —— 13. delete the full point after *vie*.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

His Grace the Duke of Buccleugh
Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh
The most Noble the Marquis of Titchfield
Right Honourable Earl of Courtoun
Right Honourable Countess of Courtoun
Right Honourable Earl of Dalkeith
Right Honourable Countess of Dalkeith
Right Honourable Lord Douglas
Right Honourable Lady Douglas
Right Honourable Viscount Stopford
Right Honourable Lady Mary Stopford
Right Honourable Lady Amherst
Right Honourable Lord Montagu
Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Montagu
Right Honourable Lady Caroline Montagu
Right Honourable Lady Harriet Montagu
Right Honourable Lady Frances Harper

Viscomte de la Tour
Col. the Right Honourable J. C. Villiers
The Honourable Mrs Villiers
Lieut. Col. Bradshaw
John Hatfield Kaye, Esq;
Mrs Hatfield Kaye
Lieut. Rainsford, 2d Regt. of Life Guards
Mrs Rainsford
William Finch, Esq;
Mrs Finch
Mademoiselle de la Grange
Mrs Gilberd
William Jameson, Esq; W. S. Edinburgh
J. Johnson, Esq;
Miss Wheldon